Two girls sat in the left hand box, chatting together. Their faces shone whitely in the half light. The lines of their profiles were so delicately fine that many turned to look at them.

"Last night," Mabel was saying, "I dreamed of muddy water. I kept dream ing of it all night long. It came on and on, rolling up to my very feet. The waves were big. turbulent, threatening. I was

"A sign of trouble," murmured Florence, "that is, unless it cleared. Did it

Mabel frowned. She closed her fan and tapped it impatiently against the palm of her other hand. "No, it didn't," she answered. "Bu what difference did that make?"

When did you hear from Arthur? Arthur was Mabel's soldier sweetheart. "That is the trouble," sighed Mabel. haven't heard from him for ages, but am expecting him home daily. His regi ment came last week, but he was n with it. Perhaps he stopped somewhere to rest. It is a wonder they didn't all die down there in that oven of a place. Then under her breath she added, " hate that dream of muddy water." "I thought you didn't believe in dreams," exclaimed Florence.

"I don't, but"-She was interrupted by the appearance of "Me and Jack" upon the canvas. There was a ripple of subdued laughter as the little girl fell from the ropes into the water, the dog swimming coolly off and leaving her there.

Picture after picture was then prepaed. There was the naval parade, the warships passing up the Hudson, the yachts skimming swiftly in front of them, partially obstructing the view of the sailors, who stood like white statues along their decks; next Hobson walked leisurely down the deck of a little cruiser: then a review of the troops at Tampa

"Perhaps it is Arthur's regiment that is to be reviewed!" whispered Mabel, clasping her hands ecstatically together. "Oh, I hope so!" There was a drumbeat, and, before a

dim vista of white tents, the troops pass-"Their faces look sad." said Florence. "and they walk as if they were tired to

A white Jog, the mascot of the regiment, occupied the center of the canvas for a second, a soldier following. A piece of paper floated along behind. Then came a row of six stalwart men. The man in front suddenly turned his

face toward the andience. He looked straight at Mabel. His eyes were hollow and sad. Intense weariness was stamped upon every line of his gaunt Mabel leaned eagerly forward. She laid hold of Florence's arm. "Look, Florence!" she gasped. "Look,

it is Arthur!" In a moment the face was gone from the canvas, others had taken its place, the drum ceased to beat, the review was over, and the canvas was dark again. Mabel was white to the lips. She hur-

riedly gathered up her belongings, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera glasses. "What are you about?" asked Florence. "The thing is not half over. "I can't help it," said Mabel. "I must go now. The heat in here is stifling. I can't stand it. I must have the fresh

Outside she trembled so that Florence took her arm.
"If I were you," she said, "I should be

glad that I saw him. Why do you wor-"His eyes were hollow and sad," stam-He looked so tired-so dead tired. Oh. Florence, suppose he is very ill; suppose-oh, remember my dream!

Florence affected an overwhelming sur-"I thought you didn't believe in dreams?" said she.
"I den't; I don't. Who but an idiot

would believe in such rank foolishness, but you can't help thinking"-"Oh, yes, you can! Come, we will take this car, and i will see you home my-self. Don't be silly!"

By the time they reached the house Florence had coaxed the girl into some thing like her old gayety. She laughed at a bit of her nonsense as they ran up the steps together. They passed into the hall. On a little

table reserved for cards lay a letter. her forefinger and thumb. It was old and yellow. A dozen postmarks disficured the face of it, upon which there was no stamp.

Florence took it from her. "I will open it for you," she said. Mabel sank upon her knees on the carpet. She remained there trembling, her white face clasped between her slender, bloodless fingers. She saw once more the tired face or

the canvas, the weary limbs dragging laggingly along, the bollow eyes peer ing straight into hers in all the sadness of a last farewell. For before Florence could read the

contents of the letter her heart had guessed the truth.-Criterion

MISSING T'IE JUBILEE. One Woman Who Did Not Know That

Peace Had Come. It was in the midst of the peace jubilee and the editor was the busiest individual in town, but the visitor got in on him, and, what was worse, say down and showed other signs of re maining, none of which the editor en-

"Excuse me," said the visitor of his own volition, "but can't I ask you an Important question?"

"What is it?" responded the editor, without looking up from his work, which is always a sign that anybody ought to understand. "Ain't this a peace jubilee we're hav

ing in this town?" "It certainly is." "And a peace jubilee is a celebration

of peace, sin't it?" "Exactly." "And peace means that war is off,

don't It?"

"And that the olive branch is hanging low, and that everybody is falling on everybody else's neck, and that every

Soap and naptha-Fels-Naptha soap-more efficient than soap. Saves half the work and discomfort of wash-day.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't think so: that the deceased was unknown and about 25 years of age."

Fels & Co, makers, Philadelphia.

You Have a Pain,

maybe in your shoulder, or back or side; at all events you want to get rid of it. Did you ever try

Allcock's

POROUS PLASTERS

Do you know that we have hundreds of letters from all parts of the world telling us of the wonderful cures these plasters have made? Do you know that all other so-called porous plasters were started after Allcock's had acquired their enormous sales and world-wide reputation? Do you know that none of them have the medicinal properties of Allcock's? Just put them to your nose and compare the fine aromatic odor of Allcock's with the smell of all others. Don't be deceivedget the genuine article.

body is glad the war clouds have rolled by, and that good fellowship is now prevailing everywhere, and that every bosom throbs responsive to the gentle coo of the dove, and that everybody is wearing white wings, and that there won't be any more scraps, and that ev erybody is kissing and making up; it

means that, don't it?" "Exactly," responded the editor, pleased to discover so comprehensive a knowledge from such an unsuspected

"I thought so," said the visitor rising. "I'll go back home and tell my wife about it. When I left there an hour ago I don't believe she knew it had happened. Good morning!" And the visitor went out before the editor had time to extend his sympathy.-Wash-

Had Served His State. Benevolent Lady-Poor man! Candidly speaking, you are the worst specimen of the tramp that my eyes ever rested upon.

Tramp-Yes, lady, I guess yer are right. But 'twant ever thus. I remember der time when I didn't drink a drop; when a quid of 'baccer never crossed me lips; when I wurk hard frum sun to sun; when-Benevolent Lady - Good heavens:

When was that? Tramp-When I was in Joliet.-Chicago News.

An Unbearable Insult. "You don't seem to be on very friendly terms with your brother." "No sir I'm not."

"What did he ever do to you?" "Do to me! Sir, that brother of mine is two years younger than I am. and yet by the time he was 5 years of age he had the audacity to so far outgrow me that from that time on until we both left the parental roof his clothes were cut down for me instead of mine being cut down for him."-Chicago Post

Magistrate-You are charged with stealing a dog. What have you to

Prisoner (sullenly)-The dog follow ed me 'ome. Magistrate-But the constable sava

it dld so because you had some liver about you. Prisoner (impudently)-Well, a ms can't walk about without 'is liver, can

'e?-Tit-Bits A Redeeming Feature.

"I notice that a feminine highwayman aided in a recent Arizona hold

"How was she tressed?" "Boots and .or nroy trousers and a red shirt."

"That's all right. I was afraid she might have added to the horror of the affair by putting on a rainy day costume."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pincing the Blame. "I read in the paper that you were hissed off the stage in Bremen.' "That's the fault of the theatrical

"The fellow ought to have known better than send an artist of my standing to a town made up of tradesmen!" -Unsere Gesellschaft.

"I hope they won't buy that house for Dewey until he gets here and is ready to occupy it.' "Why?"

"Think of the repairs the relic hunters would make it necessary to put on the place if they got there first."-Chicago Times-Herald

"Mr. Spoonamore, are you quite sure you love me for myself alone?" "I am quite sure I do, dearest. I feel that if I could take you away to some place where I would never see that youngest brother of yours again I

should be perfectly happy."-Chicago

Tribune. A Safe Verdict. A packing case which contained a Peruvian munmy, intended for a museum in Ghent, was recently opened by istake at an English railway station. thereby causing the authorities no end of trouble Murder was at first suspected, but the coroner's jury disposed of the case in quick order, rendering this ique verdict: "That the woman was ound dead at the railway goods station. on street, and did die on some date unknown, in some foreign country, probably South America, from some cause on known No proofs of a violent death are found, and the body has been dried and buried in some foreign manner, probably sun dried and cave buried and the jurors are satisfied that this body does not show

any recent crime in this country, and

THE NEGLIGEE SHIRT.

With fond satisfaction we're hailing Return of the negligee shirt, Whose bosom with starch is ne'er stiffened, Whose collar lies low and inert. It may not be what is called "dressy,"

But not an iota we care, for comfort is what we're now seeking. In things that we cat, drink and wear, At last we are free from discomfor

Of besom as stiff as a board, Which held us creet as the armor That in the old times turned a sword, to more by long cuffs are we bothered, The kind that encircled our fists, For negligee sleeves we're now wearing And they only come to the w.ista

No more are we worried by collars In which our poor necks were long cooped And by which we nearly were strangled Each time we unthinkingly stooped. Our heads we are now freely turning In any direction we please Without making quick revolution Or swinging around by degrees.

The broad silken scarts we've discarded For others of much smaller size For others of much smaller size, And now round our necks we are wearing The narrow and neat little ties. The shirs study we fumbled so often Until we were red in the face Care gone, and the old fashioned buttons Are back in the time honored place.

When hot wases rush in and assail us, "Tis comfort all mortals desire, And that is just what we are finding In making this change of attire. Though some will declare it's not "dressy," Remarks of such critics don't hurt Our feelings, for gladly we're hailing Return of the negligee shirt.

-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Life at Stake. The woman who is accused of mur der is testifying in her own behalf. We omit the description of her gown

and come at once to her story. It is a thrilling moment under tand. "You know you are pretty, don't you?" insinuates the prosecutor.

oughly on her guard. The spectators heave a deep sigh of relief.

For a woman who knoes she pretty isn't ? bit pretty, a a if she happens to be accused of my ser this knowledge may prove fatal.-Detroit

He Who Must Be Obeyed. But after you had knocked down the nered you, and could have escaped by running form the flat you were trying to rob," inquired the magistrate, bent on getting at the facts in the case, bow did it happen that you surrendered so tamely to this undersized of-

ficer in citizen's clothes?" "I thorebt he was the janitor," sald the captured burglar.-Chicago Trib-

Forehanded. those little islands," said one German

"I don't see what we want with all official. "You just wait," answered the other

"Possibly there will be an earthquake one of these days which will push really worth building a town on."-Washington Star.

Overestimation. Pather-What is the meaning of that black eye, my son? Johnny-Oh, that's merely a mark of esteem, father.

Father-How so? Johnny-1 esteemed myself a better boxer than Tommy Jones.-Chicago News.

Clear Evidence. "Charlie Youngpop's baby is begin ning to talk pow." "Has Charlie been boring you with

stories about it?" "No, but I sat near him at the lunch counter today, and I heard him say absentmindedly to the waiter girl, 'Dim me a jinky water, p'ease." "-Catholic Standard and Times.



What is Celery King?

by druggists and dealers.

It is an herb drink, and is a positive cure for constipation, headache, nervous disorders, rheumatism, kidney diseases, and the variach and torpid liver. It is a most agreeable generally. Celery King is sold in 25c. and 50c. packages

and swamps of Louisiana? Have you forgotten the little one room cabin almost in the very heart of Tickfaw swamp, where we dwelt all alone so long just you and I? -just you and I?

One morning in early spring I took down my 'gun and commenced to clean it. Pietro lay in the corner watching me. He knew as well as I what my

truer, better friend! Do you remember, Pietro, those happy days you and your

master spent down in the pine woods

every movement meant.

It was a glorious morning. The air was filled with the perfume of yellow

the tall trees. No matter in what direc-tion I looked wild flowers met my eye. It was indeed an earthly paradise, that quiet little nook in the swamp. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the scene save now and then the splash of some fish or animal in the dark water over

jasmine, wafted down from the tops of

Sitting down on the upturned root of an ancient cypress tree, I prepared to rest awhile and enjoy the scene to my

I don't know how long I had been sitting there when, hearing a rustling in the tangled vines behind me, I turned my head. The picture that met my gaze will remain engraved upon my memory so long as life lasts.

My eyes were dazzled by the girl's indescribable beauty. I turned them away

as I would from the sun, then looked again.
"Thou seemest surprised, young stran ger. Verily I do bethink me thou takest me for a spirit. Thou art tall and strong, young man. Surely a bit of a girl has not frightened thee out of thy wits." "No, fair creature," I replied, "I am

not overcome from fright so much as by

surprise."
"Look thee, stranger, is not this truly a lovely kingdom, and as such should it not have a ruler? That being true, why should not I be its queen? My home is just two miles away through the swamp, and we call it Jasmine Bower. Oftentimes when time hangs heavily I turn my footsteps to this spot. An hour spent here among these flowers drives away all care and puts me in a good humor with the world-my little world. What brings

thee into my kingdom? Speak!" "I am but a wandering hunter, fair la dy. I and my dumb friend here," patting Pietro on the head, "live back there across the bayou all alone. We started out this morning for a hunt. Sitting down on that upturned root, I gave my-self up to thought, while Pietro seized the opportunity to take a nap. Hearing a rustfing in the vines behind me, I turned my head, and I beheld the most beauful creature that ere met the gaze of man, and"-

"Nay, nay," the girl interrupted, with a frown, "say not those words, I pray thee. If thou wouldst not anger me, speak not again of my poor beauty"-"Pardon my hasty words, Miss"-

"Call me Laurine "I did not intend to offend. Forgive me, I crave.'

"Thou art forgiven," she smilingly re plied, again showing her perfect teeth. "But thou art my prisoner. I claim thes because thou hast entered my kingdom without royal permit. At home I have two brothers, who, too, are mighty hunters. There is not a deer, bear or turkey all of Tickfaw swamp the haunt of which they do not know. The rarest fishing places they can find on the darkest nights. Come with me, my stranger prisoner, and my giant brothers shall give grant thee I will prove a most merciful

the right, Pietro and I closely following.

Entering a high arched gateway, we her pinck a buttercup and hold it under your chin, grayely informing you whethpassed on through a wilderness of flow ers, from the modest blossoms of the wood to the rarest specimens of the world. I could see at a glance why the place was called Jasmine Bower, for in every direction that fragrant flower could

Laurine ushered me into a beautiful room. Here and there soft seated settees were temptingly arranged, and vases filled with flowers stood on a table near a winlow. Everything about the room, from the paintings on the wall to the well filltwo or three policemen who had cor- ed bookcase, betokened refinement and

Presently she returned and placed be fore me cake and wine and bade me partake. Just at this juncture I heard hears steps in an adjoining room. In a moment

the door opened and in stepped two as fine specimens of manhood as ever met my gaze. Each was more than six feet tall and as strong as an ox. "These are my brothers," said Laurine, introducing us. "I told this gentleman, whom I met in the swamp, that you

were mighty hunters and would show him where to hunt and fish." Many were the hunts we had together in the depths of the dark, wild swamp, and many were the quiet smokes we enjoyed at night in my little cabin. Scarcely a day passed that I did not go

some territory to the stufface that is to the Bower, and on each succeeding visit my love for Laurine grew stronger. I could think or dream of nothing else save the beautiful girl. At times I would catch myself talking of her. Pietro would gaze up in my face with a look of won-der and injury. I believe in my very more, I believe he was jealous.

One morning-I had known the girl three months-I took particular pains with my toilet, making myself as present-

able as possible.

On reaching the Bower I went direct o the cozy little parior, expecting to find Laurine there. Picking up a book, I had just begun to read, when my attention was attracted by the rustling of skirts in the hallway outside the door. Just as I

arose Laurine entered the room. She was not alone. By her side, with is arm about her waist, was a dapper little Frenchman, whom I had seen se eral times in New Orleans. "What does this mean, Laurine?" I de

Just then Pietro gave a loud bark. awoke with a start. It had all been a dream.-Nashville Banner.

Beauty In Woman. I once knew a man who was considered a great connoisseur in feminine good looks, and he annoyed me by refusing to see any beauty in one two girls I considered very pretty. At last, in mild exasperation, I turned to him and asked him what he thought constituted beauty in a wo-

Philadelphia Inquirer. Wealth's Beginning Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes. so as to change your dress when you are out; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double wick lamp and in three meals.-Emerson.

man. He puswered, "A pretty hand,

sweet voice and spirit in the eye."-

The Banker's Daughter.



alike are afflicted with it. Catarrh frequently manifests itself by offensive breath. A catarrhal breath is a horror. Especially is this so with a beautiful woman. How many women have failed of their proper destiny through this lamentable defect! Catarrh comes to the banker's daughter

as quickly as to the working girl. We all know some pitiful instances among the fair women of our acquaintance. Every effort to rid themselves of catarrh seems to fail; yet their catarrh can surely be cured and cured permanently by the remedy that has been curing catarrh for This remedy is Pe-ru-na, Dr. Hartman's great prescription for all phases of catarrh. If the

reader knows any woman with a catarrhal breath tell her to secure Pe-ru-na and take it according to directions, and the result will be a permanent cure, for Pe-ru-na heals the membranes all through the organs of the body and Dr. Hartman's books on chronic catarrh are mailed free on application to the Pe-ru-na Medi-

cine Co., Columbus, O. These books throw new light ou catarrh. Pe-ru-na's cures are historical. A whole book full of letters from people cured of catarrh by this great remedy will be mailed to any interested person.

Here is a letter from Mrs. S. B. Bryant, Crawford, Miss.:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O. DEAR SIE:- "I suffered about six years with catarrh of the head. I took two bottles of your Pe-ru-na and am now entirely well. It has been two years since I took the Pe-ru-na and I cannot say too much for it." Special book for women mailed to women only. All druggists sell Peru-na-

*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O*O in a long plak cloak, desperately become The First *

How Harry Leary Cheated In Love.

*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0*0 of as pretty a courtship as ever sprang into life when the buds and grass were new. We were there, the first summe boarders in the month of June. Mrs. Primrose, Pink, her daughter; Harry Leary, a bank clerk away on his vacation, and 1.

It took only one day after my arriva for me to discover two things. One wa that Pink Primrose was a remarkably pretty girl, and that Harry Leary was i love with her. I tried to discover a third that Pink returned his feeling, when something occurred which settled the

Miss Fink was dreadfully superstition You knew that from the minute you met her. If you did not discover it in the way she crossed her fingers when she glanced at a cross eyed person or said, "Bread and butter" when she handed you a pin you were laughingly informed of Miss Pink's peculiarity by Mrs. Primrose, who thought it just the funniest thing in the world that her daughter should object to walking under ladders, sitting down to table with 13 and watching a friend out of sight.

One of Miss Pink's oddities, or pecul inrities, was her fondness for and her be-She started off along a path that led to lief in flowers. It was adorable to see your chin, gravely informing you whethlike Pink's face, was desperately pretty To be sure, a mother-in-law would have frowned upon such silliness, but we were all, from papa Primrose to myself and Harry Leary, Pink's devoted slaves.

One afternoon we sat on the little farmhouse veranda looking down the road, as city boarders will, as though relieve its monotony, when something did come. Over the hill in the late sun shine of 5 o'clock came Pink and Harry walking and talking, he hatless an smiling, she grave; both desperately in terested. Pink held a daisy in her hand Within ten yards of the house the seated themselves upon a rock. Pinl still twirling the daisy, and it would no have taken a sage to understand that their conversation was about the flower. I saw that Pink was pulling it to pieces and that Harry's face grew by turns hopeful and sad. "Not!" I heard him exclaim once, then he reached out and got another flower, which Pink pull ed to pieces. "Not!" again he echoed as Pink parted her pretty lips and shook her head. "It is all nonsense anyway, he added. But I could see by Pink' face that she did not agree with him. "I leave it to a mutual friend," said Harry at last, as Pink continued to shake "Come down," calling to me, 'and settle the dispute-and my fate." heard him add. "The fact is that I have

asked Miss Pink to marry me and she "Asked the daisies," put in Pink softly. "And they said?" ventured 1. "That he loved me not," almost whis

And then the whole plot dawned up me. These two silly young persons had been trusting their future happiness to the petals of a daisy.
"I picked them off one by one," said Pink, gathering courage, "and I said.

'He loves me, he loves me not,' and it came out, 'He loves me not.' " "Try again," I ventured.
"I did try—three times," said Pink. 'And so she has refused me," said Harry, lifting an injured face from the ock on which he was leaning. There was nothing more to be said, for

before I could put in a word Pink sprang

up and ran toward the house as fast as

she could go, and we did not see her

again until evening. Then she appeared

Harry spoke to her once, but she hung her head and did not answer him, and there were tears on her lashes.

ing to her, and walked the veranda for half an hour alone.

Of course that sort of thing could not be endured long, so next day Harry, atter vainly watching and waiting for Pink to put in an appearance-she breakfasted and seated himself behind it. Soon there was a rustle, and to the self same place came Pink, flushed as from crying and not seeing him at all. She first knew he was there when

Harry spoke, then partly because she was worn out and partly because she could not help it she sank on the mound beside him. He, crofty fellow, made way for her, moving ostentatiously aside "That is singular," said he when Pink had seated herself, "very singular."
"What is singular?" said Pink, brightening for the first time that day. "That it should say so three times

"That she loves me," said Harry, holding up the empty calyx of a daisy flower. "I asked three of them, and they all re-plied the same. Bah! There is no truth

"Yes, there is," admitted Piuk, blushing to match her name; "but the trouble is that they said you did not love me My daisies all said 'He loves me not.' " "Suppose we ask our mutual friend again," suggested Harry, and, calling loudly to me, he added, "and bring a daisy field with you."

While I stood there hearing the newest chapter in the daisy story, Harry held the bunch, and I noticed that he

carefully selected a daisy, running over the petals with his fingers. "See how this one comes out," said he, and as he spoke I thought I saw him pull out one of the petals. "Try this one," said he. Pink took it, Harry looking on, but I thought he seemed less nervous about

Carefully Pink's pretty fingers traveled ver the petals, pulling them out as she said, "He loves me, he loves me not"-"Well?" said Harry. "He loves me," announced Pink.
"What did I tell you?" said Harry.

"But-yesterday!"
"No matter," insisted Harry. daisies know-today." And from their happy faces, when saw them walking together in the evenng on the veranda, I knew that Pink thought so too .- Pittsburg Press.

Paper Pulp Maps. In the work done by 7-year-old and s-year-old boys at the Thomas Hoyne Manual Training school, Chicago, one of the features of the work is the making of relief maps from paper pulp. Bundles of old newspapers are torn into small strips and placed in a pail of water to soak over night. A stout boy with a sharp stick then attacks the mass and thoroughly churns the paper

until it becomes pulp. The material has been found to serve admirably for modeling purposes, and a continent in miniature, with mountains, lakes, rivers and valleys, can be molded by the young pupils with surprising exactness. The pulp map is allowed to dry and is then mounted on a R. T. Beardsley of the manual training department has one of these mounted maps on exhibition at the board of education rooms, painted and colored, and it has elicited much favorable comment.-Chicago News.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little finger, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted and there instructs the bride in her duties. extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

Mother and Babe

NONE but a mother knows the pains, anguish and dread that a woman endures before and during childbirth. And still nearly all this suffering is unnecessary. The faithful use of

MOTHER'S FRIEND will in great measure overcome every distressing symptom, and labor itself will not be a very serious ordeal. Remember that MOTHER'S FRIEND is an external liniment that softens and relaxes the muscles, and is not a dangerous compound of opiates to swallow. Ask your druggist for it or send price (\$1) to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Send fer our free illustrated book, "Before Baby is Born."

Try Grain-0! Try Grain-0!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java,

the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. I the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

but it is made from pure grains, and

Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O ***************** ammin Kamaninina

A Mutual Surprise

QUITTELL BUT MULTIFICATION My Dear Daughter—I have long felt how much my home and children needed a mother's love and care. I have been willing in this respect, as in every other, to sacifice my own feelings to their good, but it is not an easy matter to find just the right person to fill so important a position, and I do not wish to act hasfily. A few weeks ago I was introduced to a widow lady of the name of Norton, finding hen, on further acquaintance, to be all that I could desire, either as a companion at a mother to my children. She is a most kind and excellent lady, and I trust that you will be prepared to extend to her that respect and affection that are her due. She has one son, who is away at school, which will be pleasant for you, as you have no brother. We shall be home Thursday. Your affectionate father.

P. S.—You were very wise in not engaging

yourself without consulting me to the young man you mention. A young girl like you don't know what love is. Five years hence will be time enough for you to think of such a thing.

This was the letter that Anne Leslie received from her father in reply to the one she had written him, overflowing with the glad anticipations to which her ewborn love had given rise. For a time she sat speechless with aner and amazement.

The idea of her father ever marrying again had never once entered her mind. Why should he? Was she not there to seep house for him? And when she left, as, of course, she should in time, would not Marion then be ready to take her place? She never heard of anything so

And to think that her poor mother, who had been hardly two years in her grave, should be so soon forgotten! If she thought that her adored Charles Edward would ever be so false to her memory, she was sure that it would break her heart.

But the postscript was the unkindest cut of all. The slighting manner in which her father alluded to "the young man," whose name she had written to him in full-Charles Edward FitzHenry harshest invective.

And to presume to think that she knew nothing of love, who had experienced it in sweetness and power! Full of these indignant thoughts, Anne

sat down and penned an epistle to her adored Charles Edward, detailing her grievances and ending with the declara-tion that she would never, never submit to be domineered over by a stepmother and that she would ever be true to the first and only love of her life. The next mail brought a reply, stating, together with many protestations of undying affection, "that he could truly sym-

father's marriage, having just received the intelligence that his mother was to take another husband. She had given him one stepfather when he was a boy, and he would never submit to the rule of another. He would be there on Thursday, to demand in person her hand of her father. If he refused, they would fly together to some happy place where cruel fathers

pathize with her feelings, in view of her

Charles Edward was as good as his word. Promptly on the following Thurs-day he made his appearance at the house of the father of his adored Anne. Scarcely were the first rapturous greetngs over when the sound of carriage wheels was heard.

and stepfathers were unknown.

Anne turned pale.

"Let 'em come," responded Charles Edward defiantly. "You are not afraid, I hope, when I am here?" As he said this curiosity impelled him o turn his eyes to the window. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated as they fell upon a lady who was lighting from

"They have come!" she cried, starting

a carriage. it can't be!" "Why, it looks like-but, no: Mr. Leslie led his wife up to where his daughter was standing. As Mrs. Leslie turned from the constrained greeting of her new daughter her eyes fell upon the young man back

peechless amazement. "Why, mother!" "I never thought of seeing you here!"

ooking in bewilderment from one to the "It is Charles Edward that I wrote you about," said Anne, blushing "It is my son Charles," said Mrs. Lese. "Charles, this is your stepfather." "And my future father-in-law, I trust," responded Charles Edward as he shook hands with his mother's new husband.

"Who is this?" inquired Mr. Leslie,

"We'll see about that, my boy," said Mr. Leslie, laughing. "If your mother is willing, I shall have no objection." The four passed a very pleasant even ing. Charles Edward voted his stepfa ther to be one of the nicest men he ever met, and Anne thought no lady could be more agreeable than her new mother. Charles Edward remained at home week and then went back to school, taking with him the assurance that if he studied diligently and beth he and Anne were of the same mind at the end of the

their marriage,-New York News, He Sized Them Up "He was 6 years old and engaged in hemical experiments," says the Hartford Courant in speaking of Presiden

ear no opposition would be made to

Hadley of Yale. "Lacking an ingredient, he appealed to large piece of cardboard. Supervisor the heads of the household. 'Mother, have we any carbonate of soda in the house? 'I don't know' (indifferently) Father, have we any earbonate of soda? I don't know, my son' (still more in differently).

"The young philosopher pondered the

replies and then gave judgment. 'I know the reason why neither my father no my mother can tell whether there is any carbonate of soda in the house Mother does not know what carbonate of soda is, and father does not know

"It's queer," said the young widow, "that poor, dear John never said a word to me about remarrying. . I really can't understand it." "I don't see anything so very remarkable about that," rejoined her bachelor uncle. "I suppose you are not the onhe thought it was his duty to warn."-

Chicago News. A Forecast Set Aside. "My wife was sorry when her poodle was brought back.'

"Wasn't she fond of him?" "Yes, but she had told all the neighbors that she knew she would never see him again."-Chicago Record SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Due to Bacteria. The bacteriologists of France and Germany have been investigating the causes of fires which have hitherto been attributed to spontaneous com-

prove conclusively that such fires are really due to the work of bacteria. Experiments made with hav, grain corn, cotton, etc., showed that when the least moisture was present the

woman who would risk a leap from the masthead of a ship would be considered foolhardy in the extreme. What, then, of the thousands of women who take the dive to certain death by neglecting their health in a womanly way. When a woman finds that she almost con

when a woman mans that she almost constantly suffers from headaches, weak back, pains, in the sides, nervousness, irritability and despondency, she may be certain that all is not well with her special womanly organism. There is and disease there, and lected her general health will soon break down com. organism. There is and disease there, and lected her general soon break down completely. that will les of this taken soon break down comThere is a remedy
promptly cure troubdescription. It may be
in the privacy of the
without the necessity
noxious examinations
treatment. It is
Pierre's Foundite Prescrip that appertain to womthat appertain to wom-anhood, new, clean, well and strong. It ban-ishes pain and cures ul-ceration and inflamma-tion. It does away with de-bilitating drains. During the anticipatory period of maternity it alleviates morning sickness and other discomforts

sickness and other discomforts, at the critical hour makes labor at the critical hour makes labor light. It restores health to women broken down by weakness and disease.

"I had female trouble for cight years," writes Mrs. I. Dennis, of 8:8 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "For three years I suffered continually. Words cannot express what I suffered continually. Words cannot express what I suffered i sought relief among the medical profession and found none, until induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed 95 pounds. After taking 'Favorite Prescription' I was built up until now I weigh 155 points—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain."

Constipation poisons slowly, but surely.

Constipation poisons slowly, but surely, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure speedily

sufficient to raise the temperature se that the vegetable fibers were finally reduced to a charred mass, and that if oxygen was admitted at this time. by turning over the mass with a fork. the charcoal in the interior immediately began to glow and finally burst into flame.

It is well known that dirty, ofly waste yarn, cotton in the bale, grain stored in large masses and the fine dust of flour in the mills is apt to be come heated so as to take fire, and it is a well established fact that the rise of temperature which takes place in most of the infectious diseases is due to the chemic product which is generated in the system by the action of micro organisms, so that it is not altogether surprising to find it stated that most cases of so called spontaneous combustion are now believed to be due to the chemic action set up by certain bacteria working in a favorable environment.

Another French scientist has con structed a toy engine which he is able to keep running for 24 hours by means of the gases generated by the bacteria of yeast.

CHURCH A PLACE OF REST Sunday Service Develops the Mind

and Broadens the Knowledge. "Look at the steady strain upon you," writes Bishop Hurst, discussing "What Is the Good of Going to Church?" in 'The Ladies' Home Jour-"The average American week is one intense effort to get beyond the limitations of the week just gone. Every nerve and force of body and brain has been under the stress of excitement and rush. Six days are break many a one down in the process Let the struggle be stopped every week by one perfect day of rest.

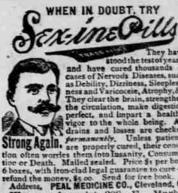
"The church is essentially a place of rest. Every part of the service furnishes relief from the burdens and cares of the week. The music brings calm and refreshment. The hymns lift one above the plane of the secular and commonplace. The lessons from the Bible and the preaching on topics connected with present and future accountability lead one into a new field of thought and give a sense of responsibility and a serious significance not at all suggested by the activities of

"The Sunday service inevitably develops the mind and broadens the areas of knowledge. Many a sermon may fail to interest, but now and then one is heard which brings the hearer into a new region, such as that of missions abroad or humane work at home. A new light may be thrown upon the Scriptures by recent research; the relation of Christianity to human society may be seen as never before, and the old Bible may be found to apply in a remarkable way to the current needs

Client-That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the wall. House Agent-Well, isn't moss good

mongh for you? What do you expect

at the rent-orchids?-Tit-Bits.





bacteria in the center of the mass were & Co., 183 Howard st.

bustion, and their experiments seem to chemic changes brought about by the & Co., E. Market st., and Lamparter

Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O. Warner, druggist, 208 E. Market